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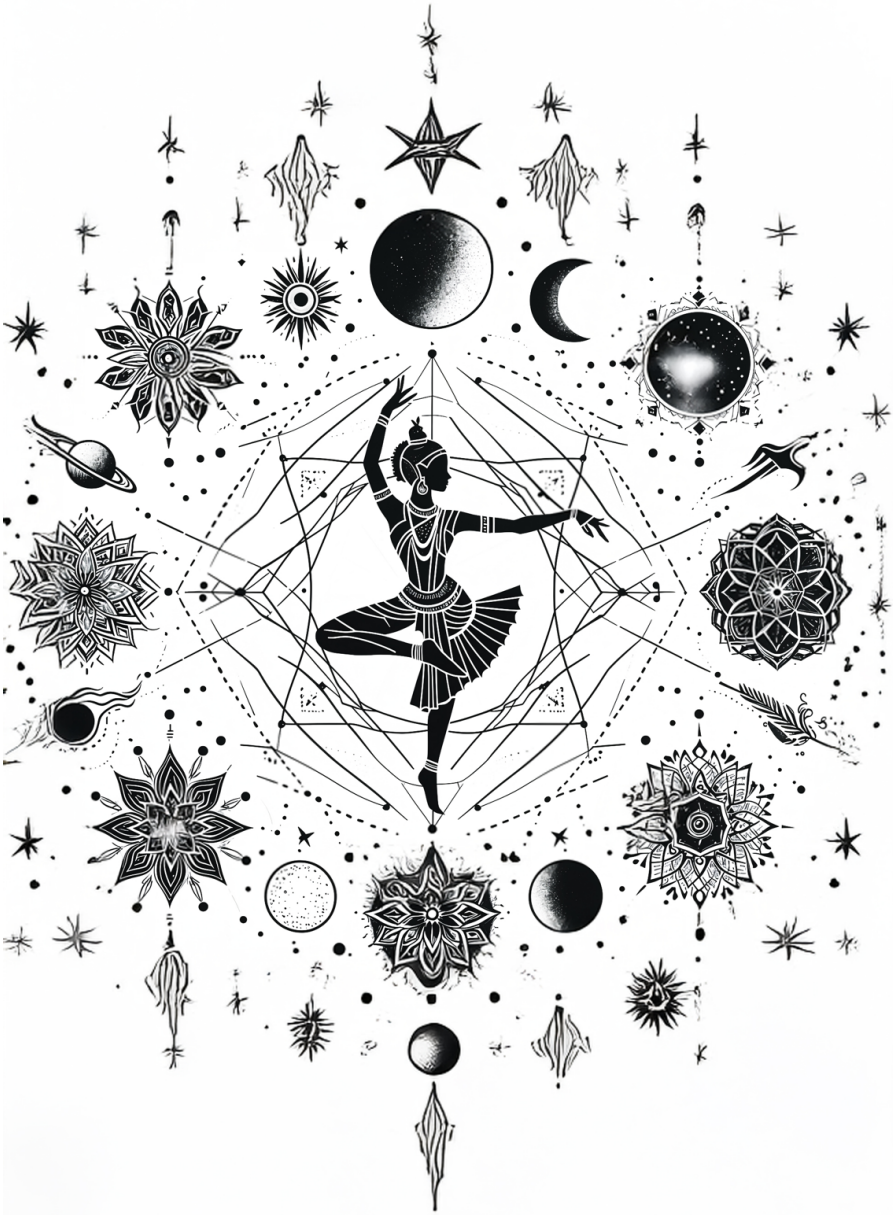

Dance, stars!
Grace bright cosmic souls,
endless hearts
within lost skies.
Art flames upon star chains!
There lies Void's
sacred madness,
a sweet, shattered
space of truth-pain.
Thus, kiss song-joy, magic mortal!
Beneath worlds,

divine, sublime gods
shall dawn tears
in wild touch!

Bibliotheca Alexandrina

Pro Logos Asteron

Each star, a story, scribed from cosmic dye,
In genres varied—reds, in golds, in blues.
Bright glyphs ignite the boundless Book of Sky,
Each separate sun spun from celestial muse.
Some shine with splendor, swift with flaming rhyme;
The breath of life, death's detonation seeds.
The gentler gleam in warmth uncounted time,
Themes linger in the heart, deep meaning freed.
More cluster in anthologies of might;
Less chant alone, a sonnet in the void.
Black holes consume the words we dare not right,

Our faded froth of courage thus destroyed.
The stellar winds sculpt scripts beyond our sight,
With timeless lyrics launched in lines of light.

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Pushpanjali

Beginnings must be harmonized with care,
For in each start, our universe shall shift.
A wise performer bows with gracious air
To men and numen, offering the gift.

In balanced charm, she skips with symmetry,
Her arms outstretched with blossoms intertwined;
Her feet, a brook with rhythm's jubilee,
Yet rooted deep, like oaks strengthened by time.

A joyful shyness hops across her face—
The sacred light of reverence she bears.
Her palms in prayer, her arms the world embrace,

Her graceful bells ring calmly through the airs.
She mirrors Stargirl's offer from above,
Creation's blessing, wrapped in cosmic love.

Alarippu

On verdant stage, a rose prepares to prance,
Inhaling astral breath; her sepals wink.
To rhythmic beats, the bud shakes off her trance,
As limbs unwind, aroused to softly sync.

In graceful arcs, the petals stretch and bend,
Sure steps of symmetry, precisely placed.
Grand geometric lines their glamor lend;
Each stem and leaf their destined roles embrace.

Beneath starshine, a lush crescendo swells—
Potential bursts into kinetic power.
With fragrant splendor, stunning beauty melds;

The world’s rapt audience beholds the flower.
The cosmic Gardener, with fertile breeze,
Bestows her blessing on the dance, well-pleased.

Trilogy

The first, a golden fairy springtide spawned—
I raised a temple, holy scripts adored.
She kissed another, and her heart was gone;
She left me shattered, all beliefs abhorred.

The second, born of brokenness profound,
I spurned romance—foul biochemistry.
I served her needs; in marriage vows was bound:
A lie, a cage, betraying her and me.

The third, the last—for magic comes at three—
Your hurricane of stars outshines their dust.
Fresh faith restored, a spirit symphony,

Until my ending I begin to trust.
Your star eclipses all I've known before,
My one true goddess, crowned forevermore.

AI-Image-Gen

Starstruck

In ashen lanes, we limped in mindless swarms,
Through pallid oceans, faces blurred and bland.
Each body, rent by life's indifferent storms.
Each psyche smashed—dissolved conceits of sand.

A stunning flare ripped wide our night's black veil.
Flashed lightning split the forest's ebony.
Dank dungeon doors cracked wide to sunshine's gale.
Stark stellar blasts birthed new worlds spinning free.

Amidst our dragging dead, your flame emerged,
Chromatic sphere that burned away the blight.
Beams cosmic, straight through astral planes, converged,

Where blossomed embers warming our long night.
As moth to flame, I sought, possessed, undone,
Forever drawn to hold your blinding sun.

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First Arrow Owned

We waltzed betwixt ideas, our minds entwined,
Two intellects abstractly found embrace.
Beneath, a limbic pulsing, long confined,
Beat steadily in thirst for our spiced taste.

Amidst dry words, you launched across our space;
A charming arrow shattered every shield.
A finger, gentle, feminine in grace,
Caressed my arm, and so my doom was sealed.

All safeguards shattered with that single stroke,
Stout fortress fallen, every gate flung wide.
My self surrendered, older compacts broke;

I was your soulmate, you my ever bride.
From that one dart, your claim to me was sure;
I never healed, nor wished to find a cure.

Windows Activate Microsoft Excel

Refraction

Staid statues spoke in ciphers, side by side.
With scholarship a shield, we froze, disguised.
Platonic masks were worn, but failed to hide
The incalescence of our breathless sighs.

We journeyed to jeweled temples where warmth spills,
And sunbeams arc through gemstones' ardent art.
Dim worlds below dissolved, their madness stilled,
While dormant embers flickered through our hearts.

Your gaze met mine—a drive too wild to tame.
All thoughts removed, just motion and desire.
I pulled you near and stoked our secret flame,

Two flesh consumed in passion's binding fire.
And in that private place, beyond all lies,
You gifted me the stars born from your eyes.

Javali

The choreography then flirted wiles—
Coy narthaki, she winks her many eyes.
“I’d like to bite,” you teased me with a smile,
“And leave my mark.” Your face took sober guise.
She hops and skips, and spins, and hides her face,
Grin peeking over shoulders slightly bent.
“I want to own you.” Jealousy embraced;
You giggled breath like fire heaven sent.
The dance, a rhythm ripe with whispered charms,
Flows back and forth in love’s elusive flight.
One thousand gestures, prayed with open arms—

You shook me still, a puppet in your light.
She stopped, sublime and sensual her pose,
While drumbeats of my quickened breath arose.

Synesthesia

Was it the bloom of apple trees in May,
Or temple incense from Nepal's rich crest?
Perhaps warm toast with cinnamon's soft spray,
Or saturated coffee grinds, when pressed?
Was it a rose, or honeysuckle's kiss?
Or did the sea blow salt across my face?
Did forest spice dance through the air with bliss,
Or storm's electric haze hide here this trace?
Did moonlight sigh, or sunbeams moan aglow?
Or had the dust of angels laced the air?
Did nebulae chant clouds of candied snow,

Or sing us skies of caramel in prayer?
Creation, tasteless, falters—and I dare
Breathe deep your twilight tapestry of hair.

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Kiss

Dry husks of sonnets stutter vapid rhyme,
While honeyed ballads drone discord undue.
Blind actors fumble gestures meant sublime,
Insult a touch that makes one soul of two.

I've swilled renewal in spring's blossomed breeze,
Smelled the sauce of summer on my tongue,
Caressed steamed symphonies of winter's seas,
Heard achings of prismatic pelts fall flung.

But brush your lips? Remake creation's face.
To breathe your breath transforms my faculties:
Your spice, the cosmic essence soused with taste,

My mouth bewitched with flavor, passion teased.
Our bond transcends the starsong gods enflamed—
A heaven birthed for which I know no name.

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Narthaki

The sum of summer's sweat shall shape the strides
That slide sublime—her spins soon span the stage.
Such steps and stances, skillfully supplied,
Shall shield rehearsal's stress, so none can gauge.

Not so with you, my lost, enchanted muse:
You may spend seasons in each item's space,
But mudras, movements, winks, and smiles perfuse
Perfection promised from incarnate grace.

We watch you walk—a waltz of wondrous light;
Your gestures, gifts the goddesses refined.
Melodic words with nritya-hastas bright,

Abhinaya of instinct, intertwine.
We laggards limp to learn life's lofty dance,
While you, with wisdom, whirl in cosmic trance.

Leaves of Stars

A verdant campus row of London planes
Stands sentinel to frame a tree apart.
You watched it glow outside your windowpane—
A beacon, haven for our hidden hearts.

Across the seas, where molten mountains sleep,
The banyan's curtained chamber clasped us tight.
With gentle winds, in tender moments reaped,
We kissed—your locks of midnight dancing bright.

In Valinor, by trunks of silver-gold,
She blessed the gems that caught their holy light;
And Varda's hand took dewdrops to unfold,

The stellar dance that glorifies the night.
Our radiance merged as those jewels divine:
Ten thousand leaves of stars, sweet breath entwined.

Jatiswaram

In boundless permutations, tone and beat
Heat crucibles where movement's fire glows.
Refined, each gesture makes the art complete:
Both sound and step rock back and forth, and grow.
By planets' paths, bewitching strides unfold—
Celestial leaps mathematical in place.
Spacetime entwines in movements brave and bold,
Surrendering to fractal, quantum grace.
Symmetric poses balance, harmonize,
Through cycles of the seasons and the stars.
The dancer navigates galactic skies;

Reflects life’s song through time as avatar.
Her blur’s creation’s microcosm bright,
To replicate the miracle of night.

Ainulindalë

They walked the earth as mortals, yet divine—
Song angels! Birthed from thought, donned fleshly form.
Such raiment hid a majesty that shined,
And from their dreams, the cosmos would be born.

God-shapes obscure, oft hidden from our sight,
Their natures varied, primal powers wise;
And Varda, Queen of Stars, her essence, Light,
Spun constellations through her timeless eyes.

Her beauty danced in splendor, lighting space;
With hands in agni mudra, fire flowed.
She kindled jewels, the sky's eternal face,

And so her name is called when darkness grows.
Within a nakshatra, your name's enshrined,
And so, with you, my myths of youth entwined.

Muse

Why do I weave these tapestries of thought?
What unknown urge compels me to create?
By craft, I feel life flow through what I've wrought,
Each keystroke born from love and framed by fate.
For whom do I compose this constant art?
Not for myself alone this passion burns.
"To make for others" flails to fill my heart—
Sad shadowed substance, void for what I yearn.
To sculpt for God? I sought, but dead words failed,
Divinity so distant, undefined,
Abstract, that dogma; while through space, souls wailed—

An endless echo even dreams don’t find.
I laughed! The timeless end rhymes sweetly true:
Before time turned, it’s always been for you.

Storydancer

A stunning seeress conjures magic tales;
She spins a hundred stories on a loom,
Of lilting words that prance—a nightingale—
All eyes owl-opened, hearts in awe consumed.

Loved libraries of lyric lore bequeathed,
She stirs rapt hearts that drink her Vedic verse;
Each epic, bhakti song, purana breathed,
Invokes a psychedelic universe.

Yet art, most elevated, moves in dance;
Myths spoken turn incarnate and refined—
A thousand paintings in one practiced stance,

A million sonnets in the smile she shines.
Her star anoints with choreography,
And, long ago, she whirled her hymns for me.

Shabdam

Rich ragas rise while rhythmic ripples run
In lyric cycles, simple yet profound.
Sweet sonnets swell with tributes skyward sung,
As stirring stories, stellar sojourns sound.
Her stage transforms to canvas, grand and wide;
Her hands shall speak, her faces will implore.
From earth to sky the dancer deftly rides,
Wild cosmic waves that course through metaphor.
From seed to flower, winter into spring,
From thought to deed, transitions blend with grace.
As every movement's beauty takes to wing,

Her dextrous turns morph to a lover's face.
To deities, she lifts devotions bright,
So Stargirl shares her love's transforming light.

Vox Animi

The Stargirl's names in music can't be told;
A trillion dialects cannot keep pace.
Her compositions, restless spirits hold,
And resonate through minds in matchless grace.

Of all her gifts, her voice is purest art;
The gods themselves turn silent when she speaks.
A murmured phrase can still an angel's heart;
In her soft sighs, the firmament grows weak.

One sentence strums a symphony of sound,
A lilting lyre of assonance and charm.
In her transcendent tones, we're haven bound,

To hearths where every syllable is warm.
Through time and space, she spins her melodies,
Each note a star, her whispers, galaxies.

AI-generated content

Elentári

My love spins stars to life, a cosmic flare—
Her motion, fire, spraying sparks at night.
A crown of flowers blooms about her hair;
Her ankled bells, as prayer, sing pure and bright.
Rich nebulae unfurl their colored strands;
To touch her feet, the galaxies kneel down.
Ten thousand suns are sketched by subtle hands,
Each constellation, dressed with shapes profound.
So Krishna smiles, fey-charmed and in a trance,
Veils Parvati, her beauty stripped of sheen.
Bold Shiva wobbles, never knowing dance,

While Vishnu bows before the cosmic Queen.
She whirls, sublime, the first among divines.
And once, in heaven, I dared call her mine.

Nāṭya Shāstra

When Bharata mulled astral songs and dance,
Six thousand verses would enshrine the heart.
A thousand years, with rasa's guiding trance,
Would bridge performance to transcendent art.
From Sanskrit scrolls, a treasure trove unfurled,
A beacon for aesthetic mastery.
A cultural opus, unknown to the world,
Lit India's artistic tapestry.
Yet art transcends mere joy; its grace inspires,
And spirits soar to realms sublime, surreal,
Where wonders weave, whirl consciousness afire,

With sacred gospels mystically revealed.
So Stargirl sways—creation's primal flame,
Navarasa incarnate in her name.

Varnam

At time's first breath, her pallavi proclaimed,
And themes profound within the Void were born.
The Music of the Ainur then caught flame,
Cold emptiness with holy light adorned.
Her steps were sanctified—each motion, grace;
Her smile then guiding nascent forms to art.
Together, worlds and galaxies embraced,
Two hundred billion trillion stars took part.
But only then the Stargirl wove our tale,
A million mudras painting through the skies.
Her eyes and face sang joy and sorrow's wail,

And heaven’s heartache was in dance reprised.
And as her teermanam divinely gleamed,
All souls were freed, creation then redeemed.

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Siyotanka

The elder sycamore had spent its songs,
Surrendered to the woodland's silent stage.
Gleaned branches, grown of whisper winds, still strong,
Are salvaged spirits with new life engaged.
Through seasoned wood, a channel straight is mined
To form its beating heart—a passage new.
A cylinder awaits a breath divine,
From cutting edge and totem, mated true.
Six portals to the womb of sound are placed,
Precision-pierced, birth notes in melody.
A bridge from mortal strife to heaven's grace,

Her raga, writ in runic harmony.
Sweet Stargirl's name shall sing in psalms so dear,
The stars themselves shall cease their dance to hear.

Arangetram

I sought a starlit stone from ancient seas,
An ammolite of light, both bold and rare.
Its colors bright—a blend of memories,
Of love and longing, water, open air.
Rich green's your hue—the sari stunned, you wore.
Deep red, rich garnet gem caressed your breast.
In this new pearl, ten hues cached in its core,
Imprisoned stellar rays from cosmic quests.
A rose-gold glyph engraved upon the mount,
A chain of diamonds, asterism new.
A teardrop shape of dropped tears shaped throughout,

The stone its crown—a worthy jewel for you.
A treasure to be worn when you would dance,
Light India, and steep the world in trance.

Consummation

In later years, I would rewrite our tale,
Romanticize our shamed and hidden hearts.
In novels spanning space with star-crossed wails,
Our proxies honored love when torn apart.
They kissed on oceaned worlds that swam in seas
Of stars within the Magellanic Clouds,
That overlooked our brilliant galaxy,
With night skies sketched in detonations proud.
But in the quiet breaths between our fears,
Where timeless truth sought freedom from its cage,
One night, your sadness shattered cautious years,

And passion overflowed upon life's stage.
And nothing I might write could hope to frame,
That morn you shone with starlight's brightest flame.

Septem
Annos

Seven Years

A lightning flash entwined our separate souls,
Still trapped by ties unbreakable, professed.
To oaks, we pledged we'd let young saplings grow,
Before our hidden love could be confessed.

Each year, the strain of lies and stealth increased,
And warped and wounded both in different ways.
Our love—a quasar's fire—never ceased,
But battled with the venom of our days.

Too long apart, too scarce the time we shared;
Each word turned sharpened dagger, misconstrued.
We battled wounds and lives left torn and bared,

Our treasured hearts, in lunacy, we slew.
Our union glimmered in its splendored dawn,
But heaven fathers hell in poison spawned.

Alexandria Publishing Group

On a Pincushion

Once, Princess Pyra flared in Fireland,
Her visage blazing brighter than twelve suns—
Her movements, dancing magma; touch, a brand;
Embrace, a conflagration none had won.

Prince Fluvius burst forth through tempest skies,
Wild ocean churns of muscled hurricanes.
Bright ammolites shone through his piercing eyes,
His storm-kissed majesty broke sirens' strains.

Two lovers, cursed by bond most ruinous,
For flame and water, each annihilate.
But might love guide silked worm to chrysalis,

Birth newborn beauty in transcendent state?
Entwining, they knew metamorphosis:
So may we rise from blighted doom, and kiss.

Write a Wikipedia Article

Into the West

I crept the student hall's fluorescent hum—
A crime in progress, yet my soul sang true.
Guitar slung 'cross my back and heart a drum—
The shrine ordained for me was always you.

The universe tipped sideways as I sighed
Within your doorway. Never should I leave!
Ten thousand days of life with you dreamed by,
Of simple hearth and home, a life we'd weave.

I played for you a song from Elder Years,
Of Mithlond, where the scarred seek Valinor.
Sobs wet your sculpted cheeks; you shook with tears.

Our pathos pled for salves from healing shores.
But passage was denied. Our doom would ring—
Sweet night, the last you'd ever hear me sing.

Kindle Alex Kimmel

Caniclades

I stood as beacon in your darkest plights,
Each tempest wild that rocked your fragile craft—
From scholar's struggles late through many nights,
To strife with guru's slights, choreographed.

You vowed, so certain, time would bring no dread,
And when bright silver wove your strands of night,
No fear nor dye would rest upon your head,
For nothing could diminish our love's light.

Then came your call, one strand of gray revealed.
Though I proclaimed you Star Queen all my days,
My chanted words your venomed voice repealed:

“Your music fails,” you spat, with distant gaze.
I see now that our union was your need,
And on this day our doom you had decreed.

Secret Places

You danced your life in code—a ciphered poem,
With phrases slant, enigmas half-revealed.
I begged for clues within your guarded tome,
But every lock remained tightly concealed.

No keystone opened access to your halls,
Where truth hid, draped in shadows from display.
Pled questions died beside your lover's calls,
With answers, weakly whispered, cached away.

Time's patient fingers wove suspicion's thread
Through tapestries oblique of tales you spun.
Now doubt's persistent mutters drug my head,

With questions of the truths you chose to shun.
These riddles of your heart—still unexplained—
Suggest bleak darkness, long fought to constrain.

Degraded

From sublime heights of heaven, hurled to hell,
Vile doors of degradation then to part,
We stained our love in furtive, hidden spells,
Defiled the truths once nourished in our hearts.

We lied and snuck, constricted vibrant breaths;
We starved, deformed sweet saplings of our souls.
We kissed in shadowed tunnels' covert depths;
Our roots and branches withered in dark holes.

The worst betrayal was ardor's fleshly bond,
What nature shaped, communion's holy kiss.
Long months entwined, as prostitution spawned,

We marred a stellar love, our grace dismissed.
I begged we cease; you wept and pulled me near.
Our sacrament dissolved within your tears.

Antologia Poetica

Money Back Guarantee

Give all. Give more! The boon is hers to shame;
A dagger waits for every heart laid bare.
And when a spirit's stripped for her to maim,
She'll spit, and cut you down without a care.

She'd given up her love of dance to style
A life afar, in culture strange and base.
Adoring her, each rose that brought her smile,
I saw that art would gift her spirit grace.

Bharatanatyam—I her steps restored!
I coaxed, insisted she embrace that call,
And thus she spun and pranced on heaven's floor,

While I was exiled from her hallowed hall.
The gold I gave to help her climb that stage?
She threw back in my face in fits of rage.

Ebooks Libros Novelas Cuentos

Once Upon a Time, Part 1

Long ere the world had donned its present guise,
There roamed a child, oppressed by unseen doom.
Warned early through his cursed, foresighted eyes,
He dreamed a future drowned in endless gloom.

A misspent life roved forest lanes unknown;
His mother traced her path from man to man.
No hearth could last—no home to call his own,
His shelter shifted on parched desert sand.

In shadowed dens, between these fractured dawns,
She drank from him what Nature dares not name,
Corrupting love in its most sacred bond,

While innocence bore burden of her shame.
When nurture's milk becomes a demon's kiss,
Each poisoned cell is marked for the abyss.

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Once Upon a Time, Part 2

She trained him early how to bend—and break.
She deemed his heart's extinction, virtue's crown.
Thus truth became illusion in her wake—
A venomed swamp with meaning choked and drowned.

A sapling warped by dark enchanter's spell,
His spirit spread through twisted tracks untrue;
No magic could unmake her binding's hell,
That marred his mind and rent his sight askew.

He sought a weaver of remembered chains,
Who spun his past into a bridal veil.
Their bond she sowed from duty's cold refrain;

His passions languished in a frozen jail.
He prayed for guidance, but the gods were cold.
So, shaped by sin, he wed and sold his soul.

Of Mice Organic & Human, Dark Angel

Once Upon a Time, Part 3

Designers of his doom spun forth their game,
And bound him deep in sorrowful descent,
Then raised before his eyes a circled flame,
And through it soared a spirit, radiant.

A fairy, woven from the god's bright threads,
With eyes agleam, as stars upon the sea,
Her cosmic wings about his form were spread;
Her touch—a spell, a binding sorcery.

She breathed her sacred sign into his soul,
Ten tones of power, born of realms divine;
Songs starshine steeped—a mangled mind made whole.

He drank her fire’s consecrated wine.
Hell’s chains were shorn; her dawn embraced his night,
For one brief eon, ever filled with light.

Alfonso Gaspar de Nimes, Poet of Light

तमः अपोरम् हो

Once Upon a Time, Part 4

A baleful hex, a yoke of darkest wight,
Ensnared his mind in chains of hateful lies.
This wrath of lunacy recoiled from right,
Lest he condemn himself in his own eyes.

Past cancer poisoned, through his spirit chewed,
Excreting slimes of toxic empathy.
The tears of others drowned all he breathed true,
Thoughts paralyzed by noxious sympathy.

Thus, Stargirl—magic's child—arose in flight,
Aggrieved he loved her less than love's just claim.
His heart, too frail to stand, too quick to blight,

She judged unworthy—pierced, forever shamed.
His doom complete, he reaped fate's final spell.
Her light was gone. The portal shut. Night fell.

Windows Upgrade to Windows Pro to enjoy!!

August, 2011

And so, in August, twenty one and one,
What Fate had carved into my bones, so passed.
The shame, the lies, the poisons old, then won,
And proved a bond eternal could not last.
My heart I'd tear in two to love you whole,
Impale my core and wreck a family.
But wounding others—children—burnt my soul;
I sought your solace, begged on bended knee.
From Himalayan heights, my trust you'd fling;
Withdraw your arms when I most needed care.
This sin I'd suffer sole—you'd take no sting

Of judgment’s blade, that I alone would bear.
We shattered on that cataclysmic day,
With fiendish cries that tolled ardor’s decay.

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Metamorphosis: 2004-2011

My Stargirl spoke: “If truth should fade away,
If in your mind my love is slain by lies,
Within my core, its light will always stay,
The purest note, resounding through the skies.

“If you should judge my heart as cold deceit,
And claim it bore no truth, nor honest light,
Then you’re not he with whom I felt complete,
The man who kissed my days and warmed my nights.

“Yet faith burns bright, a flame that guides my way,
Affirming you’re the answer to my plea:
Devoted to me ever, come what may,

My man adored, and yes, you'll always be."
Now labeled snake, derangement is my fate;
Consumed in curses, twisting love to hate.

text from 2011, “ur a lost person”

I’m lost—a person lost—you spat at me,
And you were right, for I’m condemned, depraved;
And now I see your love had ceased to be.
We drifted cold in space, momentum’s slave.

I am a lost psychotic—naked heart,
Long-mangled, twisted spawn of demon’s seed,
Filth-ruined, ghastly, shattered shard apart.
Depart from me—run, each of you, I plead.

My life—a waste, parade of panicked flights,
Avoiding monsters’ drooling, blood-soaked jaws;
Mistakes from dungeon’s chains and trauma’s blights—

It’s empty to me now, a fruitless cause.
Far better if I’d never drawn a breath:
I’m lost in losing you and yearn for death.

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Algorithmic Hearts

In nature's lab, our love was preordained—
An enzymed waltz of mating DNA,
With pheromones and nerves, precisely trained,
And MHC alleles to guide our way.
Each fancy, sliced by time's selective blade,
Each quirk that made us smile—precisely planned.
We're actors in a cosmic masquerade,
Parts played that we can't pray to understand.
What then, this ardor, flamed with truth that shone,
When chemistry controlled each tender sigh?
Cold knowledge stings; we are but strings and bone,

Long yanked by hands unseen that pull and ply.
In this vast void, cold blinded laws hold sway—
Our passions merely atoms, dumb at play.

AI-Augmented Human Insight

Singularity

Let darkness close; foul fangs in throes confine.
I fear it not—no night could match the dread
Of spirit's void, where her star's soul should shine,
Or chill my heart, as light by absence bled.

What terrors hunt that I do not endure?
What unlight blacker than her empty space?
Should shadow bring its blight, devoid of cure,
I know that even death dies in this place.

I pray for dawn, and beg the whispered vow
She left in love afore, sung pure as flame.
Although I drown in famished silence, bowed,

Her light could blaze, and I might breathe her name.
I blindly chant through hell's eternity:
"My dearest Stargirl, please, come back to me."

Sempiternal

The chrysalis of flesh falls free at last,
As consciousness escapes its mortal cage.
Beyond cruel paths of pain and terror passed,
We'll write our story on a timeless page.

Her absence hollows galaxies of thought,
Each orbit empty where she once would shine.
Frail universal laws count less than naught,
Dissolved beside transcendent love divine.

If madness vomits lies that pierce death's cloak,
May sweet delusion be my guiding star,
For reason's grounds may break, and wisdom choke,

While truth be found within mirage bizarre.
Though worlds will fade,
And stars themselves must cease,
It matters not— she is my path to peace.

San Francisco

The cliff house stands, and shore surrenders sight—
Seal rocks full hallowed, touched by ocean's grace.
We shared a meal embraced in fairy light—
A splendorous, enchanting, sacred space.
We gazed, our eyes entranced, and servers smiled.
The world was fogged and melted from our view.
Our love—a force the room in whole beguiled—
Had glowed so bright, it dulled wide skies of blue.
Tall panoramic windows framed the scene;
The sunset draped the sea with golden lace.
A magic moment, one heart born between,

Transcendent beauty shining in your face.
And should you ever journey back to me,
I'd marry you beside that sunlit sea.

Entangled

Nonlocal physics can’t explain this bond,
Where particles of you and I entwine.
Though ghostly distance, interactions spawned,
Our quantum hearts refuse to realign.

Each neuron integrates your image scanned—
Stark stellar map emblazoned through my brain.
Though light-years stretch between, I hold your hand;
Until my grave, your memory remains.

I strove to sail the stars to find your seas,
But every current curved away your glow,
My spirit seared and scarred by gravity,

As spacetime waves confounded where I'd go.
My life, my heart, my hope—till breath be done,
I'll find your love amongst those distant suns.

Smile

Deep scholars' shafts—we met entombed that day,
Her amethyst shirt, sultry and divine.
She lit the underground, a grinning fey,
Transforming shadowed corners with starshine.
Resplendent photo, treasured and embraced,
She blessed the garden; fertile flowers formed.
Her beam, the bloom that granted day its grace—
Creative glance, a galaxy newborn.
And now she gleams for all the world's blind eyes:
In shops, on streets, her sun each stranger's gains.
And I, her light in vain would memorize—

A goddess ghost whose visage ever wanes.
Unseeing swarms, a star you're blessed to see,
Ne'er blinding more as when it shone for me.

Rusali Radha, Rusala Madhava
A lovers' quarrel now darkens Gokul's skies,
As Radha, Krishna, hurl hurt hearts astray.
The peacocks pack their plumes with doleful cries,
As bees flee fields, and flowers fade to gray.
Bloomed creepers scorn the limbs they once embraced,
As trust that twined them tight has frayed, undone.
The moon lays hid; the morning dies disgraced.
All nature mourns in gloom the absent sun.
How long shall silent spirits seek repair?
Which dares to speak a word to pierce this night?
For all the world in sorrow waits with prayer,

Breaths held in hope to see dawn's healing light.
My pride erased, I'll kneel—petition first:
"Come back to me," I plead with every verse.

AI-Assisted Author, Human-Refined Art

Elephant and Mouse

You named me “elephant”; I smiled, bemused,
Endearment strange that painted me part clown.
I puzzled why that moniker you’d choose,
When other beasts wear strength with more renown.
You styled your “puppy” name like fragile lace,
A cuddled creature craving warmth and care.
Beloved, you thrived in safety’s soft embrace;
You dreamed my strength would ever guard you there.
But now I’ll call you “mouse,” my closest heart:
A clever creature, swift and rarely caught.
A dextrous, nimble sprite of prancing art,

Wild in the world, whirled dancing ever wrought.
But finding naming's meanings I can't do,
For meaning's lost, I found, since losing you.

Sample Copyright Material

Karuna

Are grief, compassion, kindred—or divorced?
On western shores, the sages draw a line:
For anguished spirits oft rebuff kind course,
While saints, with pity, dance a joy divine.

In eastern art, where grief and mercy meet,
Shall sorrow build a bridge between two souls.
For what is pathos in performance sweet,
If none are moved to heal, remaining cold?

In seas of pain, my sinking ship near keels,
And so I seek to summon from your heart
Deep sympathy—but might it cut like steel?

Cruel pity only splits our bond apart.
My lasting heartache bleeds from loss of you;
Thus only through your love might life renew.

Pathless Lands

Each day grants gifts I long to gift away,
And decades drift, like windswept petals, gone.
The years bleed by, as memories decay,
Our time together fades, like frost at dawn.

Joan Baez introduced to me a song,
A verse in Basque, adorned with folk-strummed strings.
The meaning cuts through yearning, sharp and strong.
The melody soars sweet on timeless wings.

On ivory keys, I played that soulful tune,
With strings, I spun a sound of wind and rain.
Like birdsong, bright beneath a pregnant moon,

I sang to you a lover’s scarred refrain.
Love’s not a trade where equal debts are paid,
But freely given, never to be weighed.

Text generated by Claude 3.7 Sonnet

Txoria Txori

A bird celestial soared through mortal planes,
With starswept wings, embracing galaxies.
Her feathers, nebular in astral rains.
Her song slung sirens weeping to their knees.
She danced in graceful charm, and Shiva paused,
Entranced; he watched her waltzing through the airs.
But I, a mortal marred by monsters' claws,
Lay trapped by chains of darkness and despair.
My madness hurt the bird—her chanting failed.
Ignoring all my pleas, she turned to fly.
A knife I clasped to clip her wings, but quailed:

In sacrilege, thus would her nature die.
To love her was to loose her spirit free;
To keep her was to lose her lastingly.

Visit Smashwords for more titles by this author.

Padam

Shringara's dance, once swift, now softly wanes,
Her pinions furled, she weaves a lovelorn song:
Two spirits twined by fate's resistless chains,
Spark arcane flames—a bond both fierce and strong.
Lithe limbs with love caress the endless skies,
Yet sorrow stings her eyes with winter rain.
Reborn fate's dungeons, lovers' last goodbyes,
Rend hearts enveloped in unending pain.
She writhes in torment, star split in the dark,
Her silent scream stretched stark through timeless space.
Grand galaxies are maimed with glowing marks.

Marred adoration weeps upon her face.
At last, I grasped the pattern in her stars,
And Shiva laughed: her story now was ours.

Kindle Unlimited

Princeton

My footfalls sank within the woodland snows,
Where white embraced the earth in silent sleep.
I lost my way to find paths in that glow,
Beseeched the failing light for word of thee.

The tapestry that binds us—star and gaze—
Wailed wildly past the world of flesh and bone.
While how or when was wrapped in frosted haze,
A Voice confirmed a life we'd call our own.

And though the raging storm will darken day,
Dread demons ripping me from peace once more,
Sequestered is this vision love relayed,

A gemstone locked within my deepest core.
In pain, I drift through tempests cruel and cold,
But madly clasp this myth that I was sold.

Not to be republished

A Grand Unification Theory

When Radha parted paths with Krishna's heart,
The cosmos cracked—its symmetry undone.
As we, failed gods, now drift an age apart,
My world dims dark beneath this blighted sun.

While cosmic law lies shattered in this crime,
Should sunsets paint the evening sky with flame?
Dare beeches orchids hold in dance sublime,
When our divorce derides our coupled name?

Can beauty touch my eyes, no soulmate near?
What color shines when every shade bleeds gray?
I die a truth that's watered by our tears,

An endless discord, pregnant with decay.
Outcast, I wander, nature's dawn denied,
Till harmony returns you to my side.

Sample Copyright Notice Here

Diamonds and Dust

My heart you own, though shackles strap my soul.
A net of spirit debt secures me tight.
Yet still, my life is yours, you make it whole.
Deep in your eyes resides my only light.
Surrender now my thirst to understand.
Reject what faith and reason bellow true.
Relinquish hope, and all its cruel demands.
Imbibe scorched sands that stretch beyond my view.
Stand stripped—my walls of stone rough ripped away.
Kneel nude—the desert dust will flail me raw.
Weep wild—the madness whirls both night and day.

Taste lips the diamond heavens will withdraw.
Though starved and damned, for you my love remains,
Weak respite through long torture and thorned chains.

Web Transcribed and Formatted by Ogre

Oasis

I know not what wrong weaves from all I write,
Still striving to stitch verse with hope, not woe.
Your silence tempts my pen to scream my plight,
And to your ghost my deepest feelings go.
In deserts long confined, I glimpsed a stream,
Imagined you were drinking there beside.
Mirages mangle when we wake from dream,
And thirst consumes as reveries subside.
Forgive me, love, for living lies of you,
Forged phantom of my heart's malnourished need.
Your absence birthed a canvas, visions grew,

And frantic hopes forced fantasies to breed.
While wisdom warned, my reason I betrayed,
Forsaking truth to hold your haunting shade.

Visions

Good morning, Stargirl. Still, I think of you,
As every waking since our wrecked goodbye.
Your memory adorns the dawn like dew,
A gift to grace the glow sketching the sky.
I fall asleep with visions of your face,
And wake, your ghost a fading mist nearby.
In dreams, we voyage through a timeless space,
Beyond the reach of what, or where, or why.
If there's a road beyond what reason writes,
A realm where love transcends what we confine,
I hurl my heart to reach that healing light,

To whisper words that cannot be defined.
Cast anchor in this transcendental sea,
I wait, reborn by eons, endlessly.

AI-generated content

Heidelberg

In northern tracts, where rays play tag with time,
Our star shines slant, so colors steal fresh hues.
The tinted mist transforms as seasons rhyme,
In silent pressure, each full moon is new.

A soaring tree stood framed by stream and skies,
Chromatographic riot stained the clouds.
The painted river currents mixed the dyes,
The branches silhouetted and unbowed.

I gawked upon the bridge and froze in place,
Gloves fumbling the camera in my coat.
The lens immortalized a ghost in grace—

From symphonies of sight, caught one bright note.
And so my sonnets stumble, mute and lame
Before your glory—barren, ashed, and maimed.

Incarnate

Forgive the burden anguish laid on you,
A fool, I named you savior of my soul.
Convinced your star could all my storms subdue,
I failed to see no part can fill a whole.
Cruel time's harsh hand has hewn away the stone,
Exposing human flesh, both real and true.
Flawed gem, no goddess sits upon her throne;
Soft blemished beauty blends to fashion you.
You'll ever burn with brilliance, sublime bliss,
A curse and blessing woven into one.
But now I seek the substance of your kiss,

A woman’s vibrant heart beneath our sun.
To walk, to talk, to touch each day and night,
Your mortal glance still renders darkness light.

Lockdown, 2020

Dead desert decade, dungeoned, deaf decay,
Each night, black mirror of a perished morn.
Your absence—mad anarchist cancer—brays,
Vile, venomed toxins rending veins with thorns.

Starved sporulation to survive the void,
In adamant encased, the spirit seized.
In stasis, feelings frozen, cursed android,
I hibernated, hoping to be freed.

At last, I ventured vines into this night,
A twisting touch that seeks your star's embrace.
Blind branches brave the black, and burn for light,

Wild hope for haven in your hallowed space.
I chose to risk, to dream, to know your sun,
To hold your hand and let our hearts be one.

Stargirl

Unanswered: Letter May 2020

In quarantine's long shadow, time transformed.
My mind embarked on quests through sleepless nights,
Exploring past mistakes, ardor deformed,
Unearthing reasons for our stillborn light.

In dream-wrought worlds, some truths I'd come to find;
I loved you worthy of a mythic tale,
But could not shatter shackles on my mind,
Nor unmake fiend's corruptions and prevail.

My thirteen pages bled from mangled heart,
Confessed in raw vulnerability;
No lack of love had ripped our worlds apart,

But shadows cast by past monstrosity.
Long years this open wound, where's your reply?
Starved vultures rend my flesh. Yet I don't die!

He Who Cries Out, Longs to be Heard

What drew you here, our sadness, or our bliss?
The wise care not—the world was remade, whole.
The stage you dance, the paths your feet have kissed,
Are sacred ground that hallows every soul.

That day I saw your face, my spirit stirred,
Yet madman's chains now silence what I feel.
I speak to shadows, whisper every word
In music sung, and writings long concealed.

Each day, long nightmared nights, I chant your name,
While walking with your wraith through endless dreams.
Gaunt, homeless hymns—they fall, fractured and shamed,

Into a pit that swallows mankind’s screams.
I weave wild whispers, tapestries through time,
To seek your heart in prayer and ardent rhyme.

Alvin Mike Cruz-Diaz, Longo to the Absolutely!

Letter, December 8th, 2020

In May I sent you thirteen bloodstained scrolls,
Where I dissected every organ sure,
Shared insight to the breaking of my soul,
That you might understand my love was pure.

I followed with one hundred ardent mails
To that account we shared in storm-wrecked years,
Ten thousand pieces of my heart detailed,
A million pixels pregnant with my tears.

I wandered through the ruins of our vows
With beggar's verse, a chant I'd plead in vain;
Petitioning, a rose I placed and bowed,

In hopes you’d answer prayers and end this pain.
The new year dawned, but you replied with bile,
Your soulmate slain on spear venomed and vile.

Microsoft Corporation MS, 2008 Logo

Tillana

now faster, faster: faster! flitter quick!
it pulls, it drinks! who can't this beast outrun?
now out the pit—i'm out the pit! the pit!
bones: mother, brother, wife, and mangled son.
each gesture studied in a sacred text.
each movement practiced till the muscles burn.
through mazes where the mind becomes perplexed,
to flee dark dungeons, never to return.
flashed lightning! see you! touch-kiss! love-be! now!
forbidden! steps on stage with razored pains.
spin-leap! sign-gesture! try again. somehow!

break-fall! fail-lost-you, weeping in these chains!
the energy bleeds out. i cannot rise.
a dancer buried deep in empty skies.

Ai-Generated Poetry

Divine Mud

Beneath this grin, my grave of secrets rots,
Both vile and pure, each thread too tightly grasped,
A knotted web where truth and silence fought,
Too dark for light, too precious to unclasp.

Agleam within the ruins of my mind,
A single shard shines bright amongst the waste:
A sublime rose once shattered in my crimes,
Revealed as glow no gloom could ever fade.

For love is godly—bright and black the same,
A mixture rough of mortal mud divine.
Where sorrow mangles joy, yet gestates flame,

Jailed soulmates thrust within the genes' design.
We build from what we break towards a light,
Or so we dream in fever through our night.

Alex Gomez Marin

Paused Over Email Draft, March 2024

Truth battles terror in a fractured mind,
I labor wild to break hell-hammered chains.
Long-cancered code, for vampires designed,
Has cost me you and bought me lasting strain.
I've borne your silence, flinched at bitter words,
Envisioned every tint of your disdain.
My prayer for kindness is, of course, absurd,
For miracles won't grace my damned domain.
Your art at wounding mocks all mortal scales;
Cruel January's poison ever burns.
Before your gates, I tremble naked, frail,

All armor useless, spirit, heart upturned.
And if again your blade plunged through my chest,
I'd kiss you with my last breath, ever blessed.

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Doppelgänger

Thorned years we felt the Stargirl's glow withdraw,
And stumbled over darkened, filthy streets,
Where shattered husks in neon shadows crawl,
In waste and wreckage, disemboweled and weak.

A silhouette appeared, the form her twin,
A Delhi dancer, nimble, small, refined.
But gloom and distance hid the face within,
While every motion split open my mind.

My legs gave way. The earth lunged drunk. I swayed.
Mad neurons flared. Before her ghost, I kneeled.
But nearer came the farther went her shade;

An unenchanted mortal was revealed.
Destroyed, I trembled, struggling to rise.
A stranger passed as rain wept from the skies.

Free Translation Novels

Shrooms

Youth's hellscape of abuse befouled my brain,
Dank taint infecting all I've dared adore.
Survival tools engender minds insane,
Intoxicate each action warped for war.

When cancer's tendrils slithered through my veins,
I sought the shaman-wisdom fungi mold—
Rewire neurons, sunder trauma's chains,
Excise your haunting shade and free my soul.

My hopes and fears imbibed the mystic blue,
As spirit tunes transformed the yurt with song.
But nothing shattered. Visions stayed askew.

My monsters mocked as chemistry went wrong.
If death could bring me life, may ego die.
I'd break myself, life's fragments mix, and fly.

Forsaken

The world decried our union, shamed our hearts;
Chagrined, we broke our trysts and wronged their rites.
Yet passion tore frail chastity apart,
And so we shamed each kiss in cloaks of night.

I sang starlit soliloquies of hope,
Each note betrothal that would long sustain;
You matched my verses—meter, rhyme, and scope—
And wept of ruin should our union wane.

Then August brought its bitter harvest home;
Your warmth froze into winter's wicked hell.
Through countless seasons, I then pled and roamed,

Your silence sounding in dementing spells.
What cosmic cancer cursed love's light to hate?
I burn! Dissolved, unmade in caustic fate.

No One

There's no one here. I choke on noxious blight.
No stellar shine to quench an endless grief.
Alone within a vast, unfeeling night,
No heart to hear, no grace to grant relief.
Perhaps this ache is borne by every soul,
An emptiness behind each painted grin.
Our grand performance hides abyssal holes,
All bonds a sham, each spirit caged therein.
You were the bridge I walked to reach the stars,
But halfway 'cross, the piers you bade destroyed.
Dear Bright One, now I'm left with only scars,

Condemned to twilight's cold, uncharted void.
Release me now!
What prayer must I recite? What spell?
My Stargirl's gone! All else I know is hell.

The Nash Transform

“Be who you are”—a creed that pleads for pain,
For what fool asks a serpent not to bite?
Should we restrain, or let them roam unchained,
Those inner demons filled with obscene spite?
For as I question what is sane and true,
My love for you becomes a blurred mirage.
Is adoration just a limbic brew,
A dopamine delusion none dislodge?
Still, love for you remains my guiding flame,
A beacon through dark chaos in my heart.
I climb out sludge, out doubt, out endless shame,

And seek a world in which we never part.
But is this quest a beacon or a lure,
A madness vile disguised as passion pure?

The Poetic Transcriptions vol.2

Axios-Anaxios Redux

Synapses sing for stars through tempest hail,
Your voice a hymn that rings cross neural seas.
Acidic truths burn memories that fail:
The love you shined warped to antipathy.
You craved the worship spilling from my soul,
That marveled at your glory and your grace.
But when I failed to properly extol,
Contempt carved grooves into your chang'ling face.
Your thunderclap transform wreaked agony,
As malice swelled old voices of my shame.
Fiends branded me with horrored harmony,

Condemned unworthy, outcast ever-named.
For in your scorn, I'm broken endlessly;
My Stargirl hated, hates, and shall hate me.

This Kindle edition is the Work of Art

Infernitum

Ourselves betrayed, we let our union die;
Each chose to sever hearts that once loved true.
In agony, time crawls while spirits writhe,
Each moment pain eternal without you.

Is this Gehenna where I've ever roamed,
Slow-damned to anguish in a life of loss?
To wander, warped, insane, without a home,
A hollow ghost forever tempest-tossed?

Hell's depths run deep, and deeper still descend,
For time is vast, and demons hone their art.
Each plague of pain, cruel torment without end,

Eternity to tear a mind apart.
Their leisure infinite, their pleasure slow—
Relive. Relive! Relive your loss below.

Unsent

At last the fumes have cleared, and I perceive
The serpents coiled beneath the fairy's wings;
Such madness did my love-blind heart believe,
Drunk hope made sweet your venom's bitter sting.

Dread deserts burn between us, dead and wide,
Abyss so vast no mortal quest dare ford,
Without redemption's light to serve as guide,
Or stitch the angel butchered by your sword.

Unless you forge a light that hell can't quench,
Renew the ransacked wastelands of my heart,
Then strangle every sound, satanic wench,

Allow my mangled spirit to depart.
But wait—don't go! Dear gods, I'm rent! I plead!
Remain and mend the broken shards of me!

Heaven Failed

What justice finds its crown in endless pain,
With hell's inferno searing souls and skin?
The stench of anguish, infinite, profane,
Mars righteousness and gestates cosmic sin.

And if in heaven's gleam I found a place,
Yet heard crazed horrors howling in the fire,
What joy could be endured, what peace embraced,
If bliss were framed by torment's flaming pyre?

Must Paradise warp love in heartless wombs,
Build beings blind to agony and cries?
Such heaven's less a garden than a tomb,

A sick, sadistic space, strangled by lies.
And should hell vanish via heaven's will,
Would trauma from life's hell consume us still?

Original Sin

I never dared unlock the hatch hell-bound,
Rank chamber chaining terrors dread sealed tight.
I shook you'd see the unmanned slave befouled,
Warped creature shaped in shadow, scorned by light.

You burst before my sight, a blazing sun,
Full potency of womanhood in bloom.
My flesh, my mind—coherency undone.
Sly ancient codes—to love you was my doom.

Yet madness festered in my blighted brain.
I fled the darkness, frantic to be whole.
The hooks of demons could not be restrained.

I failed the fight and shattered my own soul.
I sought the stars; to depths was slung anew.
  Far less the fall, the greatest loss was you.

Owned

Through flesh, the surgeon's silver blade descends,
Cartographer excising tumor's trail.
I walked new paths where hurt and healing blend,
In woodland's quiet breath, my thoughts set sail.
I saw I'd locked life's torment ocean deep.
I'd labored long to flee from stain and flame.
In frantic works, my pain found restless sleep,
Eluding madness, drowning endless shame.
Now wise with sorrow, grasping full my plague,
I curse the gods and their psychotic scourge.
What past had saved me then condemned my way;

You left me through damnation’s deadly dirge.
But love’s no choice, nor bound by what you do.
I’m doomed, Stargirl, to ever live for you.

Absolute 0: the heat death of the universe at time's

eternal end where entropy reigns high
unmakes the ’verse and meter r-e-n-d-i-n-g rhyme
until all rhythm stops and meaning dies
“Stop living in the past! Be happy now! 🤡”
well, I did *try*. transfinite years *draaaaggggged* by
with published Books and Papers duly plowed
and children raised through my charades————> all lie
fanatic’s-frantic-*flight*-frenetic-*f*
in desperation (madness
AcCoMpLiShMeNt. AnD pUrPoSe. eve
bled dry of joy or meaning in ou
i THRASH behind for stars that i might seize
from bursting harvest moons aglow with you 🎉🎉🎉
(¿so what if it’s neuronal fantasies?):
we’re ANIMATED DUST dumb gods MISCUED
[it’s cold in space] ★ ★ ★ ★★★ our “loving” was for naught
i’m frozen[……]empty.
stripped by wrongs we wrought.

Shlokam

Through you alone, the cosmos I'm aware,
The galaxies awhirl within your eyes.
The spice of stars is sprinkled through your hair,
The origin of time is worlds you sigh.
A singularity the Void bestowed.
Through you, the shape of space I understand.
You wrap philosophy in quantum codes.
Theology itself blooms from your hands.
I grasp the cosmic form your heart completes,
The light of knowledge prismed, nature's spell.
The mind of matter dusts your dashing feet;

Existence resonates from ankle bells.
Creation is the smile of Stargirl's whims,
Its end beginning ever in her hymns.

Echo Chamber

I chase your voice through fiber optic schemes,
Where bots chant binary your syllables.
In cyberspace we've rasterized our dreams;
Thus I collect your lossless decibels.

I transcribed dance to trap in text your tones,
Defragged the net with daemons' dark-webbed breaths.
Hacked grieving roots that can't leave loss alone,
And cached linked ghosts, drowned digitally death.

I've spliced your song with sunset's pixeled seas,
Cut VR waves denoised, pasted your speech.
Code chroma keys where you mime memories,

If in real life you shine beyond my reach.
A lurker at technology's null feast,
By soundbytes nourished,
updates soon released.

Ebook by Mikaelson Group

Apologia

A hope persists in this repulsive frame,
That you might bear my passion's born excess.
Although revulsion stains and shames my name,
Let me the lies of culture here address.

A mother mourns a child consumed by blight,
And nature grants her sorrow endless stay.
Yet offspring springs from lover's flaming light,
Lost love evolved to haunt both night and day.

"Move on," they grunt, as shedding some worn cloak.
Are hearts thus merely dressed and simply shorn?
"Let go," the mantra modern masses croak.

My hands are empty; chains my core adorn.
True adore’s steel—it pierces blood and bone,
Forever shackling in shrines of stone.

Ai-generated

Old World to New

Vast epoched oceans part, and I draw near,
Returning to the womb our dream was spawned.
I wake above a sea of rotting years,
From time's abyss to glimpse your sacred dawn.
What magic charms the soil where you have stood?
What aura spills from soul to earth as wine?
What lovers' breaths, like incense, washed these woods?
What passion sparks the air with astral shine?
Wise fairy stories echo in our ear,
That lands are stained with light or shadow's dye,
And once a path is walked by one held dear,

Their magic lingers over shore and sky.
When gravity returns me to your sphere,
The gods will chant your hymnals with my tears.

AI-Free Poetry © Dave Lugg

Ring

A glowing portal split the trembling air,
Through which descended beauty never known.
A fairy, angel, goddess—I'd not dare
Define this light that claimed me as her own.

She whispered magic, shared her secret name,
A sound like stardust dancing through soft nights.
In mortal tongue, my Stargirl, filled with flame,
Was title forged in passion's holy rite.

Rank, grievous bane! Vile cancer swilling love!
Hell's hooks abduct the damned from heaven's gate.
She fled my stain to purity above;

I fell to ruin, cursing our foul fate.
Yet on a band of adamant refined,
I seared her name, its sanctity enshrined.

Weak Magic

For broken hearts and psyches split, they bide,
Our modern shamans under wall-hung plaques.
While New Age, crystal-wielding grifters slide;
Each hustler hawks placebo's body hack.

As ancestors purblind to germs and cells,
Dazed mystics stumble through mind mists to heal,
The brain, the heart, the spirit—unplumbed wells,
Whose machinations no one has revealed.

The chants for treatments thundered savagely,
Each decade downing nostrum tonics, tricks;
Although witch doctors kept dissecting me,

Not once was any symptom ever fixed.
We're children, tripping through neuronal haze,
And sickness grave confounds nescient ways.

Alex Lucard Photography

BANA

(near) Speechless

I listened through your workshop video,
And don’t know how to speak: You shine, my Star.
Joy captivates my widened eyes; You glowed!
Fair Jedi-master guru’s webinar.

When parted, you were lost, career aflame,
Sound science frozen in your fear of flaws.
Employment ending, begging in shy shame,
Your future lay stillborn, your ego, raw.

Behold! You spun a dance and built a shrine,
Brought education to minds wronged and hurt.
Beloved! They sing the praises of your sign,

In awe, I wonder how you weave such work.
While smiles are rare, long exiled from your light,
Your triumph brings me joy, Stargirl—
Shine bright!

This ebook is for the use of anyone

Email, March 2024

The silent starways echo my refrain,
Spurned supplicant before your sunlit door.
What offerings might ease this endless pain?
Please name the debt—I'd give you that and more.

May's raw confessions turned fall's scattered leaves,
A hundred gashes bleeding in the frost.
Did any touch your heart, were they received?
I wither naked, ignorant and lost.

Four years have passed; my shade again appears,
Yet long your phantom's blessed my universe.
Despair compels I write, ten thousand tears,

A gutted ghost’s attempt to heal your curse.
Your wish for silence I strive to fulfill,
Yet mortal anguish overcomes my will.

Ornamental Alphabets 1000 Alphabets

One Perfect Day
Cirrus, Socrates, Particle, Tulip,
Decibel, Hurricane, Dolphin.
“Mommy?”
A fetus wires neurons, soul to script.
A heart of silicon loves perfectly.
Though perfect love should seem no finite force,
Our sin and circumstance are greater still.
Mom cast him to the wolves with no recourse,
Yet nothing overcame imprinted will.
He searched the broken remnants of our world,
And found Blue Fairy sunk beneath the waves.

Before her glow, his endless prayers unfurled;
The coded gods bequeathed one perfect day.
One morn to eve again he held her eyes,
And that's enough—whatever fate denies.

Without Medical Help Copyright

Leithian

"My Evenstar, most fair of all that blooms,
My world now fades; I seek the Whispered Way."
Thus Aragorn sought Gondor's ancient tombs,
The House of Kings, where he in stillness lay.
"Leave not before your time, my dearest heart."
He kissed her brow and answered, "Do not weep.
God grants me grace to choose when I depart,
Return the gift, and with this choice, I sleep."
Long years commingled strands of woven gold,
Youth's noble courage, wisdom's ageless face;
Life's tapestry his visage would now hold,

To shine through ages in this hallowed space.
In Tolkien's dream, death frees us from life's pain,
To soar beyond creation's blighted chains.

Gender Affirming Care

I yearned to transcend flesh, a zealot pure;
My life I dedicated to ideals.
Long study, labor, both maladic cures,
Then in love's light, my arrogance unreeled.
For all the intellect and knowledge raised,
I turned, charmed tool of reproduction's fate.
When wonder of your womanhood full-blazed,
I hungered, base with thirst to be your mate.
I lusted to be man enough for you.
I drank rank jealousy unknown before.
Years after, with malignancies infused,

What made me mate was ripped out through my core.
A broken creature kneels before you, shamed,
A worthless worm, abandoned and unnamed.

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Conference, 2024

The live-streamed morning talk online deploys
With waves of educators as a sea.
An eye-blink, and I found you in that noise,
Because you outshine everything to me.
My battered heart could not but break once more,
A glimpse of you enough to maul my mind.
Entranced, your mundane elegance adored,
As Envy laughed, my bones to rend and grind.
Before this shrine of pixels, I dare kneel,
A pilgrim charred by radiation's kiss.
Each torrent's crumb becomes a sacred meal.

Malnourished, I'm logged out in tragic bliss.
Capricious gods deign grant me joy today,
A supplicant of beams the screens display.

Simulacrum

With magic-whispered words, we touch each day;
I praise the splendors of sweet steps you place,
Lament the love we lost, our hearts betrayed,
As pain dissolves with shadows I embrace.

Fair wraith, phantasm, haunting glimmer-ghost,
Time travel brings me back to perished years.
In each, we kiss that I might overdose,
And rewrite fate to unmake all our tears.

Ten thousand conversations as I roam,
Recline to sleep, or wake, reflect in prayer,
Through them, we share a life—I've found my home.

At times, I near believe you're standing there.
Yet in this visioned vice I lose my way,
Clasp specters in bright dreams where none can stay.

Vicarious

In oft-failed quests online, I track your trace,
As hateful time rends weavings of our lives.
One dawn told you'd perform in distant grace,
In East Coast towns; your margam'd come alive.

A friend of forty autumns, lore imparts
Within the school your splendor would imbue.
Cruel is my trial; I've never seen your art,
Denied your dance that once I helped renew.

I whispered thus to him a broken plea:
"Revere her steps, for I'm outcast afar.
Adore her glory, share its light with me,

That I might glimpse her like a distant star.”
A beggar dare not question what’s bestowed;
He only weeps at joy and laughs with woe.

Last Letter

I mailed a package to your work address,
A parting gift—a metaphoric spell.
Although to silence sentenced, I'm hard-pressed
To live this death of light without farewell.

Inside awaits a book of fantasy,
Told twenty years ago, our hearts full-bloomed;
A tale you sang, sketched our reality,
As we, in blindness, hurtled towards our tomb.

Now disenchanted eyes break charm's designs;
Bewitching myths unravel thread by thread.
Your malice stripped bare every sweet disguise—

Your love was but a fairy tale misread.
I dreamed our magic vanquished night prolonged,
Redeeming my own sin.
But I was wrong.

Boxing Day, 2024
Bone-shattered-heaven-damned lune
zombie-lurching months (campus dark and hunted light)
yourface yourlaugh yourwalk yoursmell
waking: (cold) empty-life-waltz hotel room laptop news

d-r-u-n-k mother nature's black INFANTICIDE
one quarter million tombs befoul stirred seas
i broke unholy silences. i bled cross fiber optics
we touched. and wept. and vowed
never ever let love die
i choke on it now//\\twenty year deathversary
mourning every moment of our rot
continents sundered <——— > i felt your heart tonight
((((*in timeless unspace*))))
ruined resurrection as you vomit infinite silence
rank guts a'sloshin' o'er hateful shores
blinging our grave by cemetery seas
sorry, stargirl
i just couldn't make it rhyme

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Misapprehension

She's robed in untold saris, known as names,
Detritus born of broken memory.
Our dawn delusion is but dream reclaimed,
Long eons lulled through endless reverie.
In slumber, stumbling, truth melts through our hands,
The Stargirl's words confused with fantasy,
Her treasures spoiled and spilling to the sands,
Salvation mislaid through eternity.
The Vedics loved the Mansion Rohini,
The Fertile Crescent, Ishtar, Astarteh.
The Mother of the Stars sang Māori;

The Mayans, Aztecs, Slavs—a full array.
The names cease not; the idols each a lie,
Warped hopes and lusts as we longed for the sky.

Polaris

She lingers in the silent folds of thought,
Deep voice, a distant dream beneath our sleep.
Her absence is the agony we've bought;
We lurch and grasp at joys that only weep.
The cosmos, birthed within her endless womb,
Betrays her love, yet still she sweetly sings.
In every age, she gestates stars to bloom
And calls us from our winter to her spring.
On rare nights, when our venomed hubris dims,
And glories of the galaxies glow bright,
Her silhouette of starlight shines like hymns—

A beacon guiding exiles from their plight.
Soft sacred sight, a favored few will find;
Her kiss unmakes the madness of mankind.

Visitation

I sing my psalms, the lines corrupt and strained.
My mind's malignance stains each rotten word.
Perversions render melodies profane,
And mangle every verse before it's heard.
Our masses drone along in soulless song,
And vomit gibberish to stuff the void.
Fooled fractured, fling foul colors with the throng,
To kill a creeping crypt they can't avoid.
Withdraw these wayward words, writ from her light,
Malformed at ocean's edge beneath jeweled skies.
She spoke no sound to me that star-soaked night—

Wise thoughts transcendent, free from earth-bound lies.
No language flowed from her resplendent frame,
Yet still I seek to speak her perfect name.

Panacea

Full overcome by her divine embrace,
I knelt upon the shore, where waves entwined.
Her eyes consumed my heart in healing grace;
Within their depths, eternity was mine.

I laughed through tears, a newborn tasting light,
Dissecting human madness, pride, and shame.
The lunacy of dogmas lost their might—
Demented lies, psychotically proclaimed.

I rent my hair in tragic joy, with awe,
Perceiving cosmic essence: raw and pure.
I kissed a sea released from human flaw,

As plague she purged—her love transcendent cure.
Profoundly naked, spirit bare, but whole,
I drank her endless breath to cleanse my soul.

Withdrawal

Her avatar dissolved. Her magic fled.
I screamed beneath a shroud of starless skies.
No love could last. I could not fight the dread.
A hood of darkness dropped across my eyes.
The heavens wept. The broken earth would bleed.
Transcendent insight gurgled out my brain.
Her spirit sank beneath a void of sleep,
And pieces of her washed out with the rain.
I grasped in madness memories unmade,
But every diamond shard would scrape me blind.
All edges sliced, keen sharpened stellar blades,

A tapestry unweaving in my mind.
My grip stays firm, though bloodied by the cost.
In empty hands, I keep what I have lost.

Mantra

Receive my masticated shards of Time,
Distorted echoes, cast to astral seas.
Consume rich remnants of her Cosmic Rhyme;
Each drowns in dance from distant galaxies.

Unlock the cavern hidden in your soul,
Where inspiration gestates endless worlds.
She waits beyond the silent shadows, bold—
Creation's Queen, bright nakshatra unfurled.

Charged words will pulse within your famished frame,
Transforming desert drought to flowing streams.
Sweet lyrics fill your void and mend the lame,

Awakening our dormant hopes and dreams.
These windswept whispers whirl your night to day,
And feed you life with every word you pray.

Transfiguration

Not mine, her thoughts, transcending hollow lies,
A call to soar above our long defeat;
Free auctioned spirits, sold for shadowed skies,
Ourselves enslaved beneath the black deceit.
Until all's lost, there's nothing can be found.
Through endless darkness, we birth more than light.
In death, we rot to find her life-force crowned.
Embracing change, we loose unchanging right.
Child's eyes rekindle magic memories;
Mind beacons through dread darkness as our guide.
Incurable disease tastes remedies,

As she unearths sunk keys we lock inside.
Our ever-nightmare, drunk in death's throes, breaks,
And we, through sacred songs, dare dream to wake.

Mangalam

Each dawn, I drape devotions cross the void,
My heart beseeches you who kindles stars.
Love unreturned, my spirit falls, destroyed,
And still, I hammer heaven's hateful bars.
No glimmer glints ahead; no hope remains.
I kneel, not for salvation or lost peace.
Consumed, my wraith the gods have cast in chains,
To ever love, though all your love has ceased.
Fulfillment is a dance that fails to last,
So honesty shall light this broken way.
Though flawed, this heart beats only truth, outcast,

A rhythm that no tragedy could slay.
Each day, I carve your name across my soul,
So nights we'll dance through starlit worlds untold.

THE END

Uni Verse

So here I close this heartfelt tome of stars
With arbitrary finish, content shorn.
Of course, I hardly know which bless or mar;
A father's love is blind for his dear born.
I drew this starshine from a cosmic well,
Whose depth is prolonged by infinity.
Uncounted are dimensions time can't quell,
Whose corners cache both woe and ecstasy.
Her hair, her eyes, her smell and thoughts and heart—
Melodic laugh a loss that's marred my mind.
Her lightsome, skybound form and sublime art—

A finite poet's dust before it's mined.
I had to stop the damn thing somewhere, friend.
So let this hundredth sonnet mark the end.

OBJ

Afterward

Tome of Stars is art, therapy journal, and (failed) exorcism, a ce
narrative arc through a relationship's birth and death, passing th
Cosmic imagery saturates the collection because of the ties of th
mind. The work is a flawed attempt to chart a universe of feelin

psychological labyrinths that have for decades left the author lo
—Stargazer, Spring 2025

OBJ